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THE
MAN IN THE MOON;

OR,

T R A V E L S

INTO THE

L U N A R R E G I O N S,

BY THE

MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

D. M. Thomas.

V O L. I.

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C O N T E N T S

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

A TRUE AND INTERESTING CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE MAN OF THE MOON AND THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

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THE

THE
MAN IN THE MOON,

&c. &c.

A TRUE AND INTERESTING CONVER-
SATION BETWEEN THE MAN OF THE
MOON AND THE MAN OF THE PEOP-
LE.

CHAP. I.

Ch—s F—x is taken up into the Moon.

THE sun had long left the inha-
bitants of this world in dark-
ness, and the soft power of sleep had
soothed, for several hours, the cares of
anxious mortals, when THE MAN OF
THE PEOPLE wandered alone through

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the

the largest square in London. The profound silence which reigned over the whole city was interrupted only by the hollow accents of watchmen, and the solemn sounds of distant bells proclaiming the never-ceasing lapse of time. The moon, in unusual splendour, darted her rays athwart an atmosphere unfulled by a cloud. THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE had lately been unfortunate, both in politics and at play. He was accordingly in a pensive mood, and in the midst of a silence and solitude which accorded with the sadness of his mind, he indulged the bitter remembrance of his numberless follies; and he was struck with the most melancholy presages of those miseries which attend the loss of both

both

both reputation and fortune. When he recollected his early years, and the fond indulgence, admiration, and predictions of his father: when he considered what he *was*, what he *might have been*, and what, it was probable, *he must one day be*; he was dissolved into a tender anguish and self-commiseration, which, agreeably to the process of the passions in generous natures, were expanded by degrees into sympathy with his fellow-men. But the people of England, and, above all, the citizens of London and Westminster were the chief objects of his compassion. The ardour and sensibility of his soul were heightened by the power of wine; and he gave vent to his feelings in these words:

B 2

Credu-

‘Credulous and infatuated people, put not your confidence in a wretch distracted by a thousand cares, the fatal effects of the most desperate imprudence; a miserable vagabond without a shilling in my purse! The sport of every passion! The slave of every Jew!’

O mibi preteritos referat si Jupiter annos!

Curse on all sublunary enjoyments! they leave us no money; they leave us many a pain.’

‘You have spoken the truth, interrupted THE MAN OF THE MOON, Ch—s F—x you have spoken the truth. The pleasures of this world are dull in their existence, short in their duration, and painful in their consequences. But mount immediately on my nose, and have no fear from
from

from my uncommon appearance. I have a large face, as you may behold on the pavement before you; and although I have neither body nor limb, I want not power nor humanity. The first of these will be for your advantage: the second I have mentioned in order to quiet those apprehensions which are too visible in your countenance.'

'What art thou being without body, said THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, that thus opposest my way? Your face is round, and you speak *ore rotundo*. Have you ever, friend, been in parliament?'

'As to your first question, I answer, that I am the MAN OF THE

MOON : as to the second, it respects an idea that bears not any relation to lunar politicks. In the mean time, let us not waste time in the gratification of idle curiosity. You will find that passion sufficiently excited and gratified too before I leave you. Delay not therefore one moment to comply with my request. You see a large wart adorned with long hairs towards the extremity of my nose; let this be a resting-place in your flight, and a security in your fear. THE MAN OF THE MOON is a very honest man : and I assure you, upon my word and honour, that I mean to set you down again upon this terrestrial globe, a wiser, and better, and consequently a happier man, than you ever have been. It is true,
you

you have been a very imprudent fellow; and a source of innumerable calamities to my favourite isle, upon whose surrounding waves I exert my influence with peculiar satisfaction; whether for the purposes of commerce, or, by means of favourable tides and currents, to carry the British thunder, in an happy hour, against the enemies of liberty and of man. But your political errors have already been, in some measure, atoned for by continued poverty, disappointment, and mortification. Indeed they were rather the faults of your situation, than of your intention. For where is there a poor devil, destitute of house or home, but would extricate himself, if he could,

from want and contempt, even at the expence of faction, civil commotion, insurrection, and revolution? Or, Charles, to speak in a language familiar to your ears, who that gets a bad hand at cards, but would wish to shuffle and cut them over again? You have naturally a fund of good-humour and philanthropy, and also an excellent understanding. The benevolence of your disposition merits some respite from those inward torments which, under that jolly appearance, have long preyed upon your mind. The vigour and extent of your capacity will enable you to comprehend those truths which I shall display to your view for your own benefit, and that of your country, and the whole human

human race. Get up therefore on that corneous excrescence which I have already pointed out, and accompany me in my return to the moon.'

' Truly, replied THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, I can hardly be in a worse situation than I am at present—so I comply with your request. But carry me softly, if you please, MAN OF THE MOON.'—

' Don't squeeze so hard, Charles; your bodily fear has overcome all reason. Open your eyes, friend F—x, and have courage to look down on the world: St. Paul's is already no bigger than its weather-cock.'

' Excuse

‘Excuse me, Sir, I am thinking of an important affair.’

‘Well, we shall be at land in the moon by and bye, if I can out-fly that plane of electrical fire, that pursues so hard behind. For my own part, I dread nought; but for thee, poor Charles, I confess I am somewhat concerned.’

The terror that had seized THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE now redoubled, and he cursed the day of his birth. ‘Other sinners, he exclaimed, are punished on earth, in purgatory, or in hell; but it was reserved for me to be tormented even in heaven. What moved thee, O being, to whose nose I now cling petrified with fear,
to

to seduce me, with all my sins and frailties about me, into the regions of electrical fire? For assuredly, if this mortal and corrupt body of mine shall be involved in that fiery plane, like some odious reptile thrown into a flaming furnace, it will, in the twinkling of an eye, burst with a loud crack and offensive smell into non-existence. Restore me, O *humane* and *powerful* MAN OF THE MOON! to my native earth; so shall the cities of London and Westminster gratefully reward you with an *oaken box*, and the thanks of the house of commons shall distinguish your name among the powers of the skies.'

But THE MAN OF THE MOON perceiving that the god of thunder had sent out that electrical force, of
which

which he had been somewhat afraid, for a purpose very different from the destruction of the poor Man of the People, amused himself, on the remainder of his journey, by indulging his facetious humour,

‘ Ch—s F—x, said he, I would willingly comply with thy request, without the smallest view either to the oaken box you mention, or to the thanks of the house of commons, if I were of opinion, that my compliance would contribute in the least to your welfare. But should I restore you with all your imperfections and follies to the British metropolis, you would inevitably find yourself in the same wretched situation in which you was when I persuaded
you

you to bestride the wart on my nose. you would still, I am afraid, be 'a miserable vagabond, without a shilling in your purse; the sport of every passion, the slave of every Jew.' If, on the other hand, I shall be able to carry you through these perilous regions safely into the moon, and, by the sage instructions which you will there receive, to eradicate your reigning passions, views, and habits, you will be no longer a slave to actresses, Jews, or popular applause; but, on the contrary, a FREE MAN and a KING¹. However, if I could be satisfied, that you could make

¹ It must be observed, in order to prevent mistakes, that the Man of the Moon does not mean, that Ch— F—x should become king of
of

make a shift to live with tolerable comfort, without undergoing a thorough repair, I don't know but I might be prevailed on to return immediately on my steps, and to set you down where I found you.'

'Why, truly, replied THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, at the time when you heard the soliloquy which you have just quoted, I had drank too much wine. It is true, I am frequently in debt, and in difficulties; but an avenue always opens by which I get out of them. Besides the lucky hits I sometimes meet with at play, I re-
of England, or America, or even of *Westminster*; but that he speaks according to the ideas and language too, of the noble philosophy of the Stoicks.

ceive

ceive *douceurs* now and then from certain very worthy gentlemen, who are afflicted with an itch of speaking in the senate, but whom nature certainly never designed for orators. These gentlemen are often exposed to the wit as well as the arguments of their adversaries in debate; and they would be perfectly overwhelmed with their own dulness and confusion, if some friend did not rise occasionally in support of what had been advanced by them, and expatiate on their independence, their virtues, and even their abilities. Many a valuable bank-note have I received, for assistance of this kind, from a present secretary of state².

² It is supposed, that the Man of the People here alludes to Mr. Secretary T——d.

My

My good friend admiral Keppel, too, has often acknowledged the grateful favour of my panegyricks, by means of the expressive though silent eloquence of the golden effigies of his majesty's head. But what will, perhaps, appear extraordinary to an inhabitant of another planet, there is a swine-herd ³ in parliament, to whom I am more indebted than to all the dull patriotic speakers put together. The gratitude of that fellow is unbounded. It is true, it requires the utmost efforts of my genius to put a plausible face on his gross stupidities, absurdities, false assertions, (I mean *mistakes*) and contradictions; and he was once, in

³ Probably Sir J——h M——y.

particular,

particular, so hard run by a humorous Irishman⁴, that not one word had your most obsequious passenger to urge in his defence. However, I started up on my legs, and with great vociferation bawled out, *To order, To order* : which the swine-herd took in very good part, as I understood, by a violent squeeze of his hand, as we came out of the House, on a division, amidst the crowd into the lobby. On the whole, I am now so much reconciled to an extemporary kind of life, by the power of habit, that my precarious subsistence very seldom gives me any uneasiness. Besides, I am in great hopes that our fleet will go to the devil before

⁴ The Editor imagines that the Man of the People here alludes to Mr. Courtenay.

Gibraltar. A disaster of this kind would raise such an alarm and discontent throughout Great-Britain, as would in all probability commit the whole revenues of the empire into those identical hands, which at present so eagerly grasp these sacred hairs which sprout from the cornuous excrescence, which I have now the honour to press, on your most venerable nose. By the bye, as you have a power over tides and currents, could you not give a favourable turn to my affairs without all this trouble of conducting me to the Moon ?'

THE MAN OF THE MOON pretended to be greatly shocked at this request. He knit his brows into so terrible a frown, that THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE
shook

shook for fear. His hands let go the hairs on the wart to which he clung, and he was in danger of falling headlong into the moon, when his powerful and gracious conductor, in commiseration both of his fears and frailties, attracted him, by a secret power, so strongly to his corneous seat, that he stuck fast like a crab embracing the sharp point of some submarine rock, covered over with the luxuriant vegetables of the sea.

The reader will be apt to conclude from what is here related concerning the presumptuous selfishness of C—F—, that he is a very bad man: that the dark gloom which sits on his countenance is but a faint emblem

of the blackness of his heart and conscience : that he is a devil incarnate, let loose from the infernal regions, by incensed Providence, for the punishment of a guilty people. But shut your eyes, my good friend! and enter with candour into your own heart. You, Sir, who are under the necessity of selling out to-morrow the greater part of your stock in the funds, do you wish to hear, this evening, good news from Gibraltar^s? My lord bishop! That inoffensive and worthy personage, the Archbishop of Canterbury, lies dangerously ill, and is excruciated with the most grievous pains: would

^s It would seem that this was written in the month of October, or in the beginning of November, 1782.

you forfeit all your hopes of succeeding to the primacy, if by that sacrifice you could restore him to perfect health? Most grave and noble doctors in physic! Which of you all would prevent, if he could, by a secret volition, that must remain eternally unknown to the world, the rise or progress of any epidemical disease? When will the gentlemen of the long robe bend their efforts to establish harmony and peace among contending neighbours? Concealed from every human eye, and without all regard to the gratitude of individuals, or to the applause of the world, O reader! whosoever thou art, what portion of thine own ease, or pleasure, or fortune, or fame wouldst thou secretly and willingly

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resign,

resign, in order to relieve private distress, or to secure public prosperity? Pass not, gentle reader, any severe censure on the author of these questions.

“ As Rochefaucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true ;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him : The fault is in mankind.——
—In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While nature, kindly bent to ease us⁶,
Points out some circumstance to please us.”

But while I confess the extreme selfishness of human nature, and acknowledge that a small grain of self-interest over-balances for the most

⁶ Verses on the death of Dr. Swift, by the Dean himself.

part, the generous influence of social affection; I admire that benevolent wisdom, which fortifies the power of sympathy by a complacency in gratitude, and the love of praise: thus, ministering by the strongest impulses of self-love itself, to the various exigencies of mankind.

Being apprehensive that there might be some of my readers (for there are men who read every thing but their own hearts) who might imagine that it is impossible that any man of common benevolence should be capable of so much wickedness as is implied in the above-mentioned request of Charles F—x, to the Man of the Moon, I have made the present digression, in order to vindicate

the truth and fidelity of this narrative. And for the same end, it is necessary that I say a few words to those who may think it incredible, that a person of so much good sense as THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, should make so strange a request to the Lunar Genius, even after that celestial being had expressed a predilection for the British Isles, in the strongest language.

There is, in mankind, a disposition to imagine that they are more beloved and esteemed than they really are. This propensity is so strong, as is generally known indeed, in THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, that it is in reality, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of all his

his foibles. This foolish conceit has been the cause of many misfortunes to himself, and to his country. It was this that made him quarrel with Lord North in the Treasury. It was this that prompted him to resign, on the most frivolous pretences, his late office of Secretary of State. Through this weakness he fondly fancies that the people of Great-Britain look up to him as to their tutelar god: and this, still more than his necessities, is at the bottom of all the noise, and bustle, and strife, he occasions in the world. The expressions of regard and affection which had fallen from THE MAN OF THE MOON, had persuaded him that, in order to gratify the smallest wish of his heart, he would not hesitate to

to wreck the whole British navy on the rocky coasts of Andalusia, or bury it in the depths of the ocean.

THE MAN OF THE MOON having sufficiently testified his disapprobation of the horrid wish that had been expressed by the English Patriot, resumed his jocular strain. ‘The lightning gains upon us: I fear some disaster. I would willingly return to the earth; but from the strong attraction with which I feel myself drawn to my own planet, I judge that it will be safest to make directly, according to my first intention, to the Moon.’

‘Push on then, Sir, I beseech you, and don’t interrupt yourself
by

by any further conversation : for I protest I was never at so great a loss how to acquit myself either in company or debate :—I am almost frantic through fear. I doubt not, Sir, but you are a *very honest man* : that, I think, Sir, was your expression ; but you are also a *terrible man*. I shall never forget that frown, though I live an hundred years. *Willy Adam* with his dirk and pistol was a smiling infant, compared with THE MAN OF THE MOON, when he is angry. I must set a guard on the door of my lips, and be careful what I say in your presence. But, good Sir ! if an habit of intemperance in talking shall carry me into any improper discourse, have the generosity to forgive it. In reality, I may be said
to

to have sucked in this habit with my mother's milk. I suppose, indeed, I have a natural disposition to chatter : but this was greatly increased and confirmed by the over-weening fondness of my father, who would say, whatever was the subject of conversation, Charles, what is your opinion ? Listen to Charles.'

' Would not you act with Lord Shelburne, Charles, on condition of being set down again in Great-Britain ?'

' No questions, I beseech you, good Sir.'

' C——s F—x, prepare yourself to dismount.'

' Where,

‘Where, Sir? In the sky?’

‘No, Charles; within a few minutes we shall arrive at the lofty summit of the highest mountain in the moon.’

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE then adventured to lift up his eyes, and beheld, at a small distance, the lunar orb, which seemed one mighty and immense colonnade, intended by the sovereign architect to support the weight of the incumbent heavens. He had scarcely cast his eyes on this glorious spectacle, when he found himself standing upright on the top of a mountain, the higher part of which was a solid rock of diamond. The middle was covered over with
a vege-

a vegetable mould, the soft bed of innumerable plants and flowers, whose fragrance ravished the senses with inexpressible delight, and strongly disposed to a species of enjoyment still more voluptuous. The lower part of this mountain was adorned with a vast variety of trees and shrubs producing the most delicious fruits. Among these the NECTAR SHRUB was distinguished for the beauty of its foliage, and the divine odours which the powerful rays of the sun exhaled from its leaves and flowers. A river, clear as crystal, narrow indeed, but deep and rapid, precipitated itself down the side of the mountain, forming here and there, on the frequent shelves that diversified this enchanting surface, limpid

limpid pools which were filled with what, in the lunar dialect, are called THE FISHES OF THE SUN⁷, and which served as so many mirrors to reflect and soften the brilliant picture of which they formed a part. The rapid force of this river had, in the course of ages, cut through the mould that overspread the lower parts of the mountain to a great thickness, and discovered *strata* of diamond on either side, intermixed with various petrefactions, the bodies

⁷ Concerning the taste or flavour of this species of fish, I have not received any information. But as to its scales, they hold a middle place between scales and feathers. And they are beautifully adorned, like that mentioned in Mackintosh's Travels into Asia, &c. with figures like the spots on the peacock's tail.

of

of animals and vegetables, incorporated with the flinty rock, and by a change which ought for ever to confound the scepticism of vain mortals, retaining their form after they had lost their substance. Here again I must interrupt my narrative, in order to vindicate its fidelity.

Certain philosophers affirm, with their usual dogmatism, that in the moon there are neither seas, lakes, nor fens; nor clouds, nor vapours, that might generate rain; or any thing, in short, of a liquid substance. But, 1. Since the very basis of astronomy is *analogy*, why should men, who are so forward to assert a similarity between the earth and moon with other planets, lightly reject the belief

belief of the existence of lunar vapours?

2. If there be nothing liquid in the moon, how is it possible that there should be any inhabitants in that planet? Whence should they be supplied with food?

3. Or, if you suppose that it is a perfect desert, devoid of any beings endowed with sense or motion, do you not offend against that *analogy*, already mentioned, which is the foundation of astronomical reasoning?

4. Whence the nourishment? And what the use of those delicious fruits, that grow in such luxuriance on the

mountain just now described, and particularly of the *nectar shrub*?

5. Do you call in question the truth of all that is here related? Go then, if we cannot settle matters by the power of argument, and from the testimony of the right honourable MAN OF THE PEOPLE, who fortunately for the credit of this history, is yet alive, learn to respect the authority of a writer, dignified by as noble an office as was ever conferred on any mortal.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EDITOR OF
THESE WONDERFUL TRAVELS.

WHOEVER prefers long sentences made up of many and musical words, to that nervous, though unadorned style, which conveys the various sentiments of the writer directly and with precision to the mind of the reader, differs very much from me, the Editor of these excellent Conversations between the English orator and the lunar sovereign. I am not naturally inclined to obtrude my opinions on the public, much less am I disposed to enter into any controversy with

professors of rhetoric, and the whole tribe of *melodious authors*, who, without any figure, may be justly said to be in possession of the PUBLIC EAR. But in the preference I have just now avowed, I am certain of being right; my confidence in this matter being established on authority which is perfectly indisputable. But before I refer to this authority, it is proper that I give some account of myself.

I am a Scotchman, the representative of a family though poor, yet antient. There is a tradition, that about three hundred years ago, we were in possession of an estate of a thousand *marks* a year; about fifty English pounds. This estate in the course

course of time and population, was so divided and subdivided among the numerous branches of our prolific race, that all that fell to the share of my immediate ancestor was, a small cottage, with five acres of arable land, and a little track of hilly and marshy ground for fuel and pasture. At a very early period of life, my father married a young lady, daughter to a neighbouring gentleman, nearly in the same circumstances with himself. Six sons and an equal number of daughters were the fruits of this connexion. The scanty produce of our little possession, joined to all the conquests of the fishing-spear and the gun, would not have been sufficient to maintain a connexion between the

souls and bodies of so numerous a progeny, had they not been seconded by the culture of potatoes, then just imported into our part of the country from Ireland, from which kingdom it is separated only by a narrow channel. Yet, notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, my father beheld the increase of his family with the most perfect complacency and delight. His helpless infants, the pledges of the purest love, if they increased his cares, increased also his joys, and roused into exertion his whole force of mind and body. I remember well, with what raptures he bestowed on his little ones, the dainties we looked for on the acquisition of a new brother or sister. On such occasions

sions he would talk to us more than usual, and tell us tales of some heroic Scottish chief, who had been supported by the valour of our forefathers in the day of battle, or saved within their hospitable roofs from the fury of the victorious English. Having finished his narrative, he would point to a stone, which graced the lintel of his humble mansion. On this stone were engraved certain figures, which, to the eye of the uninformed passenger, appeared to be some of those fanciful forms, which the operation of the elements, and the hand of time imprint on inanimated matter. These, he assured us, were emblematick memorials of the virtues of our remote ancestors, which he exhorted us not

to disgrace by any mean or ungenerous action.

Happy days, which, at this period, I cannot recollect without pain! Care had not then retarded in its course the æther of vigour and joy. Every organ of digestion acted with alacrity on our coarse fare; every organ of sense felt delight at their approach.

As mutual confidence and love reigned in our family, the only society with which I was at all acquainted, so I imagined they reigned throughout the world; and the benevolence I was ready to extend, I expected with confidence from every human creature. Nor was
my

my sympathy confined to the sons of men. I was sensible of an affection for every domestic animal; nay, the trees and shrubs, and hillocks and rills that surrounded our lonely mansion, I embraced with a kind of tenderness, because they were *ours*; because *there* none but our small herds and flocks wandered and fed. An affinity was gradually formed between my soul and that wild and unfertile spot, which neither distance, nor time, nor the most splendid and various scenes have been able to dissolve or to weaken.

The native of the crowded city, or of the fertile and populous plain, feels not any strong attachment to objects that are common to him with thousands.

thousands. The lonely desert, the sequestered mountain and vale, are ever remembered in the busiest scenes of life, with a mixture of pain and tender delight. In the evening of my days may it be my fate to return to the rural haunts of my early youth! Every object there will recall ideas of innocence and joy. Soothed by the cuckoo's note, or the lapwing's bitter complaint, I will walk alone through the marshy forests, musing on the dispersion of my kindred, and lamenting the hard fate of five faithful brothers untimely slain on the American shore. Our former habitation now levelled with the ground, but still to be distinguished from the wilderness of which it forms a part, by that cluster
of

of trees within which it was embosomed, with other marks of revolution and change, will nourish that penfive mood which beseems declining years, and prepare me to lay down my head on nature's lap, without reluctance, hoping, perhaps, that my spirit, still preserving its consciousness of identity, will join my departed friends in some future state of existence; or, at least, certain that my ashes shall sleep in repose in the silent grave, mixed with the dust of my kindred. But I return from this melancholy, though not unpleasing digression.

It was our custom, according to that of all countries, at the conclusion of the harvest, to make merry with

with our friends. On the day preceding a feast of in-gathering, a sheep bound in fetters was brought from the fold, and thrown down in the yard before our house. A person who had just arrived from the next village was ready to perform the inhuman office of butcher, when two of my sisters and myself, drawing near the innocent and dumb animal, threw ourselves down by his side, and bewailed his approaching fate with tears and loud lamentations. At that instant, the minister of a neighbouring parish, who happened to pass by, attracted by our cries, came up to enquire into the cause of our distress. The good man on his approach was himself touched with compassion for the mute victim,

tim, and applauded our sympathetic sorrow. After congratulating my father, who, at the sight of a stranger had come out to receive him, upon the humane disposition of his children, he enquired, in the language of complacency and kindness, into his circumstances and situation in life. Being minutely informed of these particulars, he immediately offered to take me along with him, and to educate me with his own son. 'The advantages, said he, with great delicacy, will be reciprocal; for mutual emulation will quicken the application both of your boy and mine.' My father, who was not ignorant of the excellent character of this worthy clergyman, did not hesitate to accept his

his generous offer with tears of joy. But my mother, though overwhelmed with gratitude, modestly urged various reasons why I should continue for some time longer under the care of my parents.

‘ He is but ten years old, said she, and of so wandering a disposition, that if his father and I did not watch over him with great care, we should certainly one day lose him. He travelled about the country, for not less than the space of a fortnight, with the gypsies; and if a relation of his had not distinguished him amidst a troop of those creatures at a wedding, it is probable we should never again have seen his face. The agony we felt during
that

that time makes us uneasy whenever he is out of our sight. When he was not more than five years old he climbed to the top of that rock, which stands at the back of our house. There he spied the top of a hill at a small distance, and he must needs ascend that likewise. There is no end of his curiosity, nor will I trouble you, Sir, with an account of the dangers he has encountered from wandering amidst marshes, and mountains, and rocks; and from too near an approach to rapid streams in those seasons when, pouring from the sides of the hills with a furious noise, they overflow their banks, overspreading the dales, and sometimes carrying along, they say, to the sea, the fruits of both
flocks

flocks and fields. But there is one of his fancies, which I can never get out of my head, and which has often filled me with apprehensions lest he should some time be disordered in his mind. I am afraid to say or to think how old he was when he sallied forth, in the dusk of an harvest evening, upon the wildest expedition that was ever undertaken by any human creature. The full moon, just peeping over the earth, seemed to touch the brow of that easterly hill. My poor boy was transported at the sight of so glorious an object, and without saying a word to any person, set out on a journey to the moon. After wandering all night, he was brought back next morning, by an herdsman

man belonging to an eminent grazier.'

'The account you give of your son, replied the clergyman, confirms and heightens the opinion I had before conceived of the sensibility of his nature. Amidst all the extravagancies you relate, I discern a mind susceptible of the impressions of virtue. There is a near affinity between taste and moral goodness. A soul that is touched with whatever is beautiful, great, or terrible in nature, is also touched with the fair and majestic form of virtue.'

My patron, having partaken of such refreshments as our house afforded, and put up a fervent prayer

to heaven in behalf of the family (according to the custom of the ministers of Scotland) carried me along with him to his house. I was treated here with great tenderness and care, and after having acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, I was sent, in my sixteenth year, to the university of Edinburgh.

Having devoted, as is usual in that seminary, three years to the study of the arts and sciences, I entered particularly on that of physics. In a society, of which most of the professors were members, I delivered a dissertation *de Solis et Lunæ regimine*, which was thought to have more merit than Dr. Mead's on the same

same subject. I procured numberless admirers, who courted my acquaintance, and I began to imagine that I did not want either abilities or friends.

My patron at this time died very poor and very much regretted. The schemes he had formed for the settlement of his son and myself in life, proved abortive. The promises of the great were not fulfilled. I soon fell into want of money. I was in absolute want of bread to satisfy the demands of nature. The multitude that surrounded me in a great city, increased my chagrin. I continually compared my own with the situation of others. I envied the lowest labourer and mechanic whose

cheerful looks and florid complexions bespoke plenty, health, and contentment.

Amidst all my necessities I had long been supported by an ambition of raising a name equal to those of Black, Cullen, and Monro. This ambition no longer existed. It fled at the approach of hunger. I now resolved to leave Edinburgh, and, since I could not be in a worse situation elsewhere, to try whether a change of place might not also produce a change of condition. I exchanged a few books for a few shillings. I packed up three shirts and a pair of shoes in a bag, and left a place where I had been so unfortunate, with regret.

I was

I was so distracted with an unremitting pressure of care; and, as I verily believe, my organs of reflection were so much disordered by the want of necessary sustenance, that I had not formed any plan whatever for my future conduct, nor was there any particular place to which I directed my steps. I am utterly unable to recollect, what moral or physical impulse determined me to take the road that leads to Musselburgh. But I remember very distinctly, that as I walked slowly through the Downs, near to the sea-beach, I entertained thoughts of putting a period to a miserable existence, by burying myself in its roaring waves. In the bitterness of anguish, I had thrown away both my bundle and my hat,

and sat down, in this frantic condition, in a spot which surrounding hillocks had formed into a retreat that naturally invited the sad and weary traveller. Here I lay, stretched out on the ground, when the sound of music interrupted my reveries, and composed my distracted soul. Some skilful hand, obedient to the dictates of the most feeling heart, and delicate taste, diffused throughout the undulating atmosphere, the aggravated grief and passion of *the Pretender's lament*. I lifted up my head, and looking round perceived a company of gypsies, men, women, and children, advancing, with great festivity towards my retreat. They unloaded their asses, and sat down on the mossy grass, to a repast which
was

was not so much distinguished by elegance or taste, as by variety and abundance,—scraps of viands of all kinds, fish, fowls, bread, cheese, onions, eggs, with a few tankards of stout beer.—The gypsies very cordially invited me to partake of their fare, and I readily accepted of their invitation. During the time of this fête champêtre, a young woman, about the age of twenty, frequently cast her eyes upon me, and whispered something in the ears of those who happened to sit next her. A striking singularity in my countenance, and also in my eyebrows, one of which was as black as the raven's wing, while the other was white as the driven snow, had discovered to this gypsie that I was

the identical person who had joined their company, in the county of Dumfries, about twelve years before, I acknowledged that she was not mistaken. The gypsies were surprised at this discovery, and manifested no small degree of satisfaction at meeting with an old acquaintance, who had given a signal proof of affection for their society.

I gave these people, at their joint desire, a sketch of my life, up to the very moment in which they found me. They presented to me my hat and bundle which they had picked up, and endeavoured to console me under my misfortunes.—‘ You have no estate, it is true, said an elderly man, nor any place of abode, yet
why

why should you abandon yourself to sorrow? Here are three families of us who never know in the morning where we are to lay our heads at night; and whose only wealth is two asses, with a few instruments for the purpose of mending old brass: an occupation to which we submit, when we cannot find subsistence either by fortune-telling, or by begging, or by prescribing cures to the sick. Notwithstanding, however, all these circumstances, if you will become one of us, you will acknowledge that this roving manner of life is not without its advantages. We are not oppressed with hard labour. We generally make a shift to provide good cheer. We are not tied down to one spot, or confined to

to the company of any disagreeable person. We are as free as the fowls of heaven. Like them we wander from place to place, and find an home in every village and in every grove. Like them too we are linked together only by love: nor are domestic broils known among the gypsies. It is true, we are despised by people who have fixed habitations: but we are kept in countenance by one another; and, as we are a kind of pilgrims and strangers on the earth, we give ourselves very little trouble about the opinions that may be entertained concerning us, by those persons among whom we sojourn. At the same time, I must confess, that the contempt in which we are held by those who live always
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in one place, makes us not a little proud of any mark of respect we happen to receive from GENTLEMEN. As to the common people, we hold ourselves to be infinitely superior to *them*, not only on account of the high antiquity of our descent, but also because we *live* better, and possess greater liberality of sentiment, and gaiety of manners.'

Our repast being over, a strolling musician tuned his violin, and struck up a merry Scotch tune; or, what in the language of Caledonia is stiled a REEL. But his powers, though far from being contemptible, were so much inferior to the genius and skill that had soothed my troubled mind with the melancholy strains of the

the *Pretender's lament*, that I could not help remarking the difference.

‘ You have a very just ear, Sir, replied a female who seemed decrepit through infirmity and age, there is a wide difference between the musician who favoured us with the *lament*, and the honest man who now does his best to please us. The former is a gentleman who resides in this neighbourhood, and who is distinguished by a sensibility to the pleasures of both imagination and sense. When the ardour of his feelings is excited by wine, he plays a thousand odd pranks, which have rendered him famous through all the country around. In his cups it is one of his chief amusements to beat a drum, if he can lay his hands on

on

on one, or to play on any thing that bears the name or resemblance of an instrument of music. He accompanied us part of the way from Leith, and to this circumstance we are indebted for the soft yet powerful melody which you have so justly commended. With regard to our present performer, he plays, on occasions of jollity, in different parts of the country, but is never so happy, if we credit his own testimony, as when he makes sallies with the gypsies.'

The surprise I felt at hearing such sentiments and language in the mouth of a gypsie, was removed by a discovery which seemed not less an object of wonder. The rags,
and

and crutches, and patches, that form the necessary apparatus of the profession of tinkers, were presently exchanged for garments not only decent, but splendid; and a number of handsome and genteel figures presented themselves for the dance, on the green turf, under a clear sky, and the broad canopy of heaven.

The antient figure that had given me an account of the musicians, having laid aside that disguise which gave her the appearance of both age and infirmity, and adorned her person in the gaudiest manner that the most luxuriant fancy can conceive, appeared a beautiful lady, not past the thirtieth year of her life. I learnt afterwards that she was the daughter
of

of an antient family in Argyleshire, whom the pride of her parents had secluded, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the most distant approach of men, from an apprehension that some person of base blood, might dishonour their race by marrying her. The wanton girl, impatient of this cruel restraint, made an elopement with a young highlander, carrying with her a round sum of money, and all her mother's jewels. Her paramour, by the interest of her father, was sent on board a ship of war. The lady, however, refused to return to her former prison, and associated herself with the gypsies, who adored her as their QUEEN. Her black and piercing eyes united the bewitching moisture

moisture of youth, with the full-grown ardour of maturer years; and seemed to pant after a gratification with which she was already acquainted. Her long black hair, braided and turned up, was ornamented with flowers and precious stones. Her neck, fairer and more polished than Parian marble, was adorned with a collar of liquid pearl, and her arms with the richest bracelets. Her limbs floated in all the loose simplicity of silken robes, calculated not to constrain, but to humour and display every motion of the body, and all the agitation of the mind. The covering of her bosom, formed of transparent gauze, concealed not from the amorous eye, palpitations, heavings, nor
aught

aught that could contribute to excite desire. The dress of the rest of the company, though less splendid, was, however, not inelegant: nor did the young women want beauty, nor the young men manly grace. Dancing was continued for several hours by the youth of both sexes, while a few old men and women amused themselves with drinking strong beer, and smoking their pipes. But the wanton attitudes, and lascivious gestures of the gypsies, it must be allowed, soon discovered that they cultivated but little the virtue of chastity. They expressed by mute action all the extravagancies and raptures of love, in his happiest moments and most secret retirements.

Lascivious dances and songs in antient times formed a part of that divine worship which in Italy, Greece, and the East, was paid to the divinities that presided over the affairs of love. The dancing girls in Hindostan, and the gypsies in Europe, perpetuate those amorous ceremonies which were observed in the gay and sensual devotion of the adorers of *Venus*, *Ashtoreth*, *Priapus*, *Cupido*, &c. &c. Yet, in justice to the Egyptian dames, and particularly to my partner, the lady I have already described, I must observe, that their amorous gestures and looks were very different from the stare of prostitutes. Their manner, though lascivious in the highest degree, was agreeably tempered with attachment to

to their partners in the dance, with respect, with sentiment, feeling, and almost with modesty. They recalled to my mind the description which a Roman poet has left of his young mate, when, on the day after her marriage, she met the embraces of her husband in a middle state, between that of WIFE and MAID; but in which the blush of the VIRGIN disappeared, and was lost in the soft desires of the tender SPOUSE.

The evening now approached, and as it was in the summer season, we lodged during the night in a spacious barn, reclining on the fragrant hay. I forgot all my sorrows, and gave way to the pleasing intoxication of the most successful love. My

fair friend admitted me, without much coyness, to all the rights of a husband, and we lived together, with mutual fidelity and affection, for the space of three years. Within the compass of this time we travelled through most of the counties in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and in the course of our peregrinations, I learned more than I had done for the three years I had spent in the study of philosophy at Edinburgh.

I was respected by the gypsies, and added not a little to their reputation, by some simple cures which I performed in the different villages through which we passed.

I lived

I lived the first two years in this vagabond state, with as much happiness, I suppose, as was ever indulged, in this world, to any of the sons of men. But this happiness, being founded on a temporary and transient passion, was in itself temporary and transient. The love I bore to my partner sweetened every inconvenience, and the variety of the scenes through which we passed, afforded fresh incitements to my passion. But satiety, the bane of love, crept upon me at last. I awoke from a dream of enjoyment, and found myself in the disgraceful situation of a strolling tinker.

Had I room, and were this the proper place, to trace the progress

of my increasing coldness to my beloved gypsy through all its causes and symptoms, I might perhaps throw some light upon certain appearances in human nature, and discover certain means for prolonging the sweet empire of the wife over the husband. But this I reserve for another work, which I design to publish with all convenient speed, and which will be entitled, "A TOUR WITH THE TINKERS."

My fair friend having perceived my chagrin, enquired with great affection into the cause of that unhappy change, which, she said, she had observed for some time in my behaviour. I told her, that I was infinitely ashamed and vexed at having

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ing associated myself for so long a time with a society, which, although it merited in many respects my esteem as well as gratitude, was yet disgraceful in the eyes of the world. The lady was concerned for the turn my mind had taken, and discoursed with great eloquence on the folly of ambition, which she represented as the grand source of more than half the calamities of human life. But her firen song was lost on a cloyed lover. I declared my firm purpose to return to the world, to push myself forwards in the profession of physick, and to obliterate, if possible, all remembrance of past levities, by the utmost gravity and regularity of deportment. I protested, that I should retain, as long as life, an af-

fectionate and grateful sense of her unabated fidelity and love; and I added, that should fortune prove propitious, I would be happy to afford her, in her declining years, an asylum from the inconveniencies of a vagrant life, and protection from the insolence of a scornful world. 'In the mean time, I concluded, until I know how it shall fare with myself, I shall enjoy the satisfaction of corresponding with you by writing.'

The forsaken fair, instead of expressing any mortification at this discourse, said with a smile, 'And how, *Gabor*, will you direct your letters? How will you address me? or where will your letters find me?

I am

I am not surprised, said she, in a composed and serious tone, at the declaration you have made; I confess I expected it sooner, and I wonder your love continued so long. I have had six different husbands, since my elopement from Castle'—It is the manner of the gypsies, whenever a coolness arises on either side between man and wife, to part on terms of good humour and mutual friendship. A new lover is not long wanting to the woman, nor a new mistress to the man.

I presented her with a lock of my hair, as a memorial of our mutual affection. This she accepted without any visible emotion, and taking six love-tokens of the same kind
out

out of a small filken purse, shewed me samples of the hair and complexions of her former husbands, and gave an account of the persons and characters of each. I was nettled at this indifference, and felt a momentary inclination to upbraid her with inconstancy. ‘I will now, said she, give you, in return, a memorial of *my* love, which I desire you may keep no longer than may suit your conveniency.’ She went upon this to her wardrobe, and fetching an old patched cloak consisting of as many folds as the shield of Ajax, ripped up one of its corners with a pair of scissars, and taking out ten guineas, ‘Take these, said she, and keep them for my sake as long as your necessities shall allow.

You

You will excuse me if I forbear to mutilate my hair. I must preserve that ornament, a present from nature, in order to procure me a new husband.'

I blushed at her generous offer. I hesitated long before I accepted of it. My poverty, not my will, consented. I told my benefactress, that I should not take my leave for some days; but I took an opportunity of stealing away that very evening in the most abrupt manner, without saying a word either to my spouse, or to any other person of our company. I took my route through the Northumbrian mountains that divide England from Scotland. I entered, about sun-set, into a wood, through which I was obliged to pass, and being

ing favoured with clear moon-light, pursued my journey with slow and melancholy steps. When I recollected the beauty and the goodness of my partner, I was softened into tenderness and love; and was distracted between an inclination to return and never to forsake the gypfies, and the resolution I had formed of redeeming with the world and with myself my lost reputation. Oppressed with sorrow and care, I laid me down, and fell into a profound sleep. I awoke about an hour after sun-rising, and felt my spirits so much recruited, that I banished from my mind my faithful gypfy, and amused myself with various chimerical schemes for future greatness.

Having

Having been long accustomed to a vagrant life and precarious subsistence, I felt no apprehensions of absolute want, or hunger. I looked the world boldly in the face, being confident, that, according to one of the proverbs of the gypsies, ‘There is always life for a living man.’—Such, at least, was my train of reasoning in the day time, and when I was in good spirits; but during the night, and in gloomy weather, I was not without melancholy ideas; and in such moods I always thought with great tenderness and affection of my late partner.

I procured a passage for London, on board a Newcastle collier, for a guinea. We had good fare in the vessel,

vessel, but our voyage was slow and tedious; a circumstance which I did not regret, as I enjoyed very comfortable quarters, which it was probable I must soon change for worse.

I had formed such extravagant ideas of the wealth and grandeur of the British metropolis, that there were only three objects that fully answered my expectations. These were, the cathedral church of St. Paul's, Westminster-abbey, and the immense extent of London. I strolled about this splendid and new scene for the space of a fortnight, attentive to every thing but my own dependent and perilous situation. I had been so inured to a vagrant and careless life, that I felt but little
anxiety

anxiety concerning an establishment in the world, until I was reduced to my last guinea. I then betook myself to a very rigid oeconomy, and managed my small stock so well, that it held out for three weeks and two days. In one of those very convenient eating-houses near St. Martin's church in the Strand, I happened to dine at the same board with an Highlander whom I had known in Edinburgh, and who was now in the station of a porter to an apothecary who has lately left off business, and retired to his country-seat. By the interest of this man I was taken into the service of the apothecary, where I lived upwards of a year.

C H A P. III.

I LEAVE THE SERVICE OF THE APOTHECARY, AND ENTER INTO THAT OF THE LUNAR SOVEREIGN.

PARENTS who have not received the benefit of a learned and liberal education themselves, are sometimes more careful than men of letters to bestow that advantage on their children. The apothecary received me, after a short conversation, in a very obliging manner into his family, telling me, that I should superintend the education of his son, and assist occasionally in the preparation of medicines,

cines, and the affairs of the shop. This man, though of a disposition somewhat cholerick, was a very honest and friendly person, and possessed not a small share of judgment and penetration, or intuitive discernment. He paid a deference to me on account of my superior learning, and shewed himself on all occasions well disposed to befriend and oblige me. I had a comfortable bed, I fed on delicacies, and my patron anticipated all my wants by timely and liberal supplies of money. Yet with these advantages, I felt myself extremely unhappy. I was devoured with chagrin, and wished myself in the woods and mountains again with the gypsies. Poor as is the country of Scotland, it is cer-

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tain, that a literary character is held in greater reputation there, than in England; nor has wealth, however much desiderated in Caledonia, banished from that antient kingdom those distinctions which arise so naturally from birth and superior talents. A poor gentleman and a fine scholar, are still respectable characters in the northern part of this island; and to put such characters on a level with mercenaries and menial servants, would be accounted the greatest outrage and barbarity.

This is by no means the case in England. I once remarked this difference to a gentleman, a person of infinite shrewdness, himself a Scotchman; but who having come, at a
 very

very early period of life, into England, had imbibed many of the prejudices of that country. He asked me, in a manner not very gracious, what title a poor devil of the most cultivated education had to the respect and homage of his neighbours? ‘We measure the value of things in this country, said he, by their *importance, or by their rarity;*’ by which last quality he meant the difficulty of obtaining them. From many circumstances that struck me very forcibly while I lived with the apothecary, it was easy to judge, that literary men were no great *rarities*; yet I was so unreasonable as to look for all that attention and regard which I met with in Scotland, and from the gypsies. I felt severe

mortification when I was called down to the kitchen, to dine with the servants, and my friend the Highlander. This poor fellow, who retained many of the prejudices of his country, shewed me every mark of respect. But as to the wenches, they placed themselves at the head of the table, and, with the most ridiculous airs and formalities, exacted from myself and the porter all the submission and respect which fine gentlemen shew to fine ladies. This I could have borne with tolerable patience, as one of the girls was rather handsome, and not indisposed to repay my complaisance by the most alluring marks of favour. It was not the innocent affectation of the maid servants, but
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the absurd vanity, impertinence, and malignity of their mistress, that rendered my abode with the apothecary irksome and insupportable. At certain times, when his wife happened to be in good humour, my patron, or, as he was called, my master, would venture to invite me to dinner at his own table. This honour was dearly purchased; for every species of mortification which a malignant heart and a lively fancy could suggest, did I undergo in the company of that ugly blear-eyed woman. She was attentive to every body, myself alone excepted. If she spoke to me at all, it was with petulance and contempt. ‘Can you eat any of this here dish, *Gabor?*’ said my master.—‘What is it, Sir, replied

my mistress, that a *Scotchman* cannot eat?' This is a specimen of her wit and of her manners. I never could imagine what could be the reason why this dame conceived such an unconquerable aversion to *me*; for to other men she was, at least, occasionally complaisant. A little squeaking money-scrivener, who came often to our house, having been obliged to break an appointment he had made to accompany this fair lady to the opera, in the act of racking his brains to find out a substitute, proposed to the apothecary in a whisper, that as they were wholly at a loss, Mrs. ——— should be attended by Mr. *Gabor*. The druggist, apprehensive that so odious a proposal might produce the

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the most dreadful domestic commotion, silenced the scrivener with such an expressive grin, as gave me ever after the highest opinion both of the vigour of his imagination, and strength of his muscles. At last the whole family was made very happy by a most furious knock at the door, announcing the arrival of the only son of a carcase-butcher in Clare-market. This young gentleman performed for that night the office of *Cicisbeo* to the little woman; and, to my great joy, she tripped out of the room under *Talgol's* arm, leaving the apothecary, the scrivener, and myself, in the midst of an eager conversation on the benefits of temperance, over a very hearty bottle of excellent Port wine.

It is the nature of wine to heighten and inflame whatever emotion or passion happens to be predominant in the mind. The contemptuous treatment I had just met with from my mistress, together with the whole of her former behaviour, made so strong an impression on my mind, already roused and agitated by the *dulce furere Bacchi*, that I cursed his wife even in the presence of the apothecary, and lamented his fate in being indissolubly bound to such a mate. This folly of intoxication, I believe, my master would have had the goodness to forgive; but before we had risen from table, my mistress returned from the opera, and poured forth the bitterest expressions of indignation and rage
against

against her husband, for allowing me to sit so long in his company. He that is drunk is as great as a king. Regardless of my dependent situation, I returned the contempt of the apothecary's lady with interest, even in the presence of *Talgol*. I expatiated on the beauty, the dignity, and the grace of the queen of the gypsies, and asked her how she had the presumption to treat with disdain a GENTLEMAN who had been ennobled by the embraces of a personage so highly distinguished by her rank, her charms, and her virtues? At these words the enraged woman fell into hystericks. This incident restored me instantly to my sober senses. I recollected with pain the precarious tenure by which I held
my

my place, and foresaw the consequences of my folly. My master suffered me to lodge in his house during that night, but dismissed me in the morning with a small present of money, over and above my wages. He offered, at the same time, to recommend me to a brother apothecary, who wanted a person to serve him in the capacity of porter. But in process of time, added he, you may be advanced to the office of shopman. I declined to accept his commendatory epistle, and took my leave with many tears.

I now cursed the hour in which I had given way to the pleasing transports of Bacchus, and made a vow never again to be guilty of a like folly.

folly. In the mean time I judged it excusable to comfort my heart, in this precipice of fortune, with a glass of Madeira. Elevated by that generous liquor, I determined to carry into execution a scheme which had often supported me in my desponding and fretful moods, but which cool reflection had hitherto banished from my mind, as highly extravagant. This was no other than to return to my vagrant life with the gypsies. I purposed to repair to the place where the whole community of that happy race solemnize an annual festival. There, I doubted not, I should meet or hear some accounts of my faithful spouse. I feared indeed lest she should either be dead, or wedded to some other husband,
But

But the last of these cases, I said to myself, is not irremediable. And if the worst should have happened, I shall not long want another mistress. That humane people will give me my choice of their young ladies. They will receive me as a prodigal son, penitent and contrite, and determined henceforward never to leave the house of his father.

Full of these ideas I set out from the Black Bear inn, in Piccadilly, on foot, with an intention to travel as far as I should be able, without regard to hours, or to any particular place for lodging or refreshment. I took the Western road, because I knew the gypsies were, for that season, to hold their annual congress
in

in South-Wales. I had not proceeded far into a wood that skirted a village near thirty miles from town, when a clock, at some distance, struck twelve. My spirits having now subsided through hunger and excessive fatigue, I fell into a fit of profound melancholy. It was in the spring season, and the night was serene and mild. The moon-light afforded a gleamy landscape, while the fullen inhabitants of the wood chanted their nocturnal notes to their mates. 'I have not even a female to attend me,' said I to myself; God seldom denies to an animal another of its own kind. I am the most forlorn of the sons of men. There is not on the face of the earth an human creature that either knows or cares for my hopeless

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less situation.' ' You still have one friend, replied a head, rolling itself towards my feet. THE MAN OF THE MOON is resolved to assist you.—I know, Mr. Student, you are the celebrated author of the *Dissertatiuncula de Solis et Lunæ Regimine*. You have fairly confuted Dr. Leake in many of his conjectures about my planet, and in truth, have written something of *your own*, which modern authors seldom think proper to attempt.' ' Sir, replied I, almost petrified at this unexpected adventure, you do me much honour in approving of my humble labours. Your assistance, which you so generously offer, I gladly accept; and, as the first instance of your friendship, for ceremony must yield to the calls of nature,

nature, I intreat you to give me somewhat to eat.' 'That you shall have, answered my new acquaintance, and for the future I shall use my interest in keeping so much merit and honesty from starving:—you have so much of both, that it will require not a little of my assistance to push you on through life. I have long had a great regard for you, and have illumined your imagination with some of my choicest rays. I am the god of fancy, of poetry, painting, and the *ars loquendi*. Without me, the human brain would be a dull collection of the ideas of sensation. I am also the god of idiots. Men that are seldom right, have been for once so, in calling this sort of men lunaticks. I will inform you
how

how I bestow parts, and take them away. You know nothing about fixing the lunar rays into a solid substance, but you must not therefore say that this is impossible. It can be done, and I can do it. These rays, reduced to a subtle powder, and blown on the surface of the infant brain, stimulate it in future life, by their quality of pricking. A sharp point of this æthereal dust, coming into contact with a nervous fibre, will suggest a fine poetical flight, an oratorical flow of language, or even a law of nature. Without this dust, a man may acquire the knowledge of others; but he is only a book, in which ideas are registered; a library, where the speculations of other men are placed, but without
any

any elegance or propriety of arrangement. Such a man has little power over the minds of other men, and little over matter. The test of true genius, is, to move, to agitate, to persuade, and govern mankind, by touching their passions : or, by obedience to the laws^s to direct and rule the powers of nature. It is this power that distinguishes from the herd of pretenders, the painter, the musician, the orator, the poet, the philosopher. Did men but attend to this simple truth, there would not be so many disputes about genius and taste : and the dull researches of *Kaims* and *Gerard*, and of thousands of other painful plodders, would no

* *Natura enim obtemperando vincitur.*
Lord Bacon, Nov. Org.

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longer

longer be regarded even by pedagogues or school-boys. I know, Mr. Student, that on this subject you think as I do: and I have given this short definition of *genius* to encourage you, by an authority which I doubt not you will think respectable, to abate the excess of your reverential awe, and to instil into your mind that confidence which is necessary for the purpose of this interview.'

Emboldened by the gracious condescension of this celestial, I thus replied. 'My heavenly patron! Since you encourage me to address you by so comfortable an appellation, I bow with reverence to your opinions, and should sooner distrust
my

my reason, and all my senses, than imagine, for a moment, that what you do, or utter, is not perfectly true, and just, and wise. But, as a small vessel cannot contain the waters of the ocean, so it is impossible that my limited capacity should be able to comprehend all the truths that may be conceived and known by a superior mind. Permit me, therefore, to ask an illustration of whatever shall appear dark or doubtful in any of your assertions. If an illustration shall bring down sublime truths to the level of my understanding, well: If not, I shall allow *faith* to triumph over the wanderings of fallacious *reason*; and what to human views seems incomprehensible and absurd,

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I shall readily admit, on the authority of divine testimony.'

* Student, replied THE MAN IN THE MOON, you have spoken like a wise man and a good christian. Beyond the sphere of human vision lie many truths which you cannot either discover or comprehend. Your prospect is terminated by a narrow horizon, and your knowledge imperfect within the circle. It becomes you, therefore, to pay a just deference to the testimony of such as can neither be deceived themselves, nor have any interest in deceiving others. Scepticism is as great a weakness as credulity.'

Having

Having assented to what was said by my celestial visitant, I intreated him to explain to me what reasons he had for making idiots; as that sort of men, I said, were useless in society, and but shocking ruins of thinking beings.

‘ Now, student, answered THE MAN IN THE MOON, your doubts are for once well-founded. There can, indeed, be no reason for making idiots. Idiots are, as it were, fragments of human nature. They are like books, of which some parts are lost, while others remain: and in the perusal of which you are struck by turns with admirable sense, and with incoherent nonsense. But it is not my fault that you have so many

idiots in your world. A proper portion of my *dust of rays* gives genius; but too much, destroys the powers that before existed in the mind. Thus a certain degree of heat causes fluidity in water; a greater converts it into steam. Thus, on the other hand, a certain degree of cold condenses vapour into a state of compact fluidity; a greater converts fluid substances into ice. The operation of my powder is analogous to that of heat and cold upon water. A just portion of it gives brilliancy, or, if you will, fertility of invention; too little causes stupidity; and too much produces phrenzy; the last stage of which is idiotism. These idiots, Mr. Student, upon whom I bestowed such super-abundant

abundant portions of my *rays in powder*, I designed for poets. But, it is extremely difficult to balance this powder in such a manner, as duly to mingle imagination, the main source of genius, with attention, judgment, and the other materials of the understanding. I have made multitudes of idiots in this most difficult of all attempts. But for a great number of years, and perhaps this is what you will think incredible, for a great number of years, I have not been able to make a poet. The only *great* poet I have formed in the course of the present century, is JAMES THOMSON. You are surprised, Student! at my speaking in the present tense: but know, that true poets never die. James Thom-

son is at this moment in yonder planet, over which I have the honour to preside,

“ Holding high converse with the mighty dead.”

His fame has gone forth into a thousand worlds. The *Seasons*, it is universally said among the celestials, is a philosophical and most affecting picture of nature. A neighbour of mine, the genius of one of the satellites of Jupiter, did me the favour to dine with me a few days ago. I had invited *Virgil* on that day, as of all human characters those are the most acceptable to superior natures, who unite the highest benevolence with the most enlarged capacity.

• See Thomson's Season of Winter.

You,

You, who are so enthusiastic an admirer of the *Georgics*, and who feel, in so sensible a manner the happy mixture of humanity, philosophy, and poetic fire by which that poem is distinguished; you, Mr. Student, will easily imagine how agreeable to such natures is the company of the great Roman poet. A natural association of ideas turned the conversation on the humane, philosophical, and poetical author of *THE SEASONS*. Brother, said my neighbour, jocularly, I suppose you have exhausted your whole powers upon Thomson, for I have not heard of a poet of any eminence from the earth, or upon it, since his days. Here I defended myself, by recalling to the mind of my celestial neighbour *Gesner*, *Gray*,
and

and *Metastasio*. These, he allowed, held a very distinguished place among the lesser, but he would by no means rank them with the great poets.

The lunar sovereign here paused. 'I perceive, said he, Mr. Student, from your countenance, that there is some sentiment in your breast which labours for utterance.' 'I humbly conceive, Sir, I answered in a submissive tone of voice, that you might have shewn that your talents for the creation of poets are not yet impaired, from the works of the celebrated *Hayley*.' 'Hayley, replied the lunar sovereign, would indeed have been a great poet, if I had blown upon his infant brain, a
very

very little more of the lunar powder. He has been unhappy in the choice of subjects. His theme confines him too much to the rugged paths of stern truth. He is not sufficiently at liberty to make those selections and combinations which the ardent vigour of poetic fancy culls from the regions of possibility, to charm the ravished soul. But a good poet never makes choice of a bad subject. He either chuses a subject which admits of the exaggerations and embellishments of fancy; or describes the operations of nature, which are of themselves so beautiful, as to stand in no need of the colourings of fiction; and so various, as never to pall on the most delicate taste. However, continued my lunar patron,

tron, I have not been so sparing of my rays to Mr. Hayley, as to leave him in a state of torpid dullness. He is a man of exquisite taste and judgment, and if I have failed in making him a poet, I have at least made him an excellent critic.'

The lunar sovereign paused again (for he is the best bred man in the world) in order to humour an inclination which he discovered in my looks to put a question. 'Ask on, my friend, said he, and do not be afraid that any of your queries should appear either troublesome or impertinent. Curiosity, doubts, and difficulties, I hold to be sure marks of ingenuity.'

'I think

‘ I think you said, Sir, that too small a quantity of your powder caused dullness or stupidity. Now I would ask, with your permission, whether that stupidity be as ruinous to human nature, as that idiotism which proceeds from the contrary extreme?’—‘ By no means, answered my heavenly instructor, those mortals, on whose infant brains I blow my powder in too sparing doses, although they are incapable of attaining to the dignity of poets, nevertheless fill other literary departments often with tolerable success and credit. They generally become index-makers, commentators, compilers, annalists, or journalists; or, as they call themselves, historians. Such men are, for the most part,
good

good botanists, i. e. they will search with incredible patience for a new plant or herb, count its petals with infinite exactness, and tell you where it should be placed in the nomenclature of Linnæus. As to the process of nature in the vegetable œconomy, that is a matter concerning which they give themselves no trouble. So abstruse a study is by no means necessary to the establishment of a reputation for skill in botany. There is an Englishman whom I intended for a poet, but I applied so very little powder, that it is a wonder the poor man has intellectual powers of any kind. You will be surprised when I tell you, that this man turned botanist; and that, having added to this merit a plentiful fortune,

fortune, and a stiffness and formality of deportment which would not disgrace an imperial ambassador at the court of Madrid, he was chosen, not long ago, president of the royal society. There are too, of those whom I attempted to make poets, who become a kind of mathematicians; that is, they can investigate the mutual relations of lines and figures, but are utterly incapable of rising to the sublimity, to the metaphysics of mathematics. They are even ignorant that the very foundation of mathematics is metaphysics. Many of my spoilt poets, having some little taste for natural philosophy, without the powers of investigating natural causes, purchase a microscope and a telescope, and accoutred with these instru-

instruments, they please themselves with the idea of being great philosophers. I know not, sometimes, whether to indulge compassion or laughter, when I behold so many poor creatures, in consequence of my over-tampering with them, staring through their glasses at the orb of which I am the spirit, and all their neighbours looking up to them as if they were TYCHO BRACHES, and GALILEOS, and KEPLERS.'

'The species of authors who approach nearest to perfection, and whom a very little more powder would have made poets, is, your critics, and your writers of romances. I do not mean such critics as your professors of rhetoric, or such novelists

velists as fill the shelves of circulating libraries. I mean such critics as Marmontel, and such novelists as Fielding and Smollet, and the authors of *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*. As to that innumerable herd of rhymers who call themselves poets, without one *grain of genius*, I know nothing of them. I often suspect that some infernal daemon pushes them on in their foolish attempts, in order to bring a discredit upon the whole art and practice of poetry. And this the rather, as it is no uncommon thing for such versifiers, though entirely destitute of the *fire*, to possess all the *fury* of poets.'

'But, Mr. Student, this is not the business for which I have intruded

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I

upon

upon your meditations. I mean to take you into my service, and you shall find that I am not an ungrateful master.

THE MAN IN THE MOON then told me, in a few words, the service he wished me to perform. 'You must do me the favour, said he, to set down in the human characters which express words, an account of what has lately passed between myself and Ch——s F—x, Esq; for I know nothing of letters or words. I communicate my ideas by operating directly on the *cerebellum*, and there exciting such irritations as are produced by those characters and sounds which recall the various impressions that form the stock of human knowledge.

ledge. It is in this manner that I now converse with you, and it is thus that I will convey to your imagination the truths I employ you to record. Your narrative, when published, will bring you no inconsiderable profit, and, in the mean time, I shall take care that you be liberally supplied with every convenience and comfort of life. It is true, I have not the power of making gold. The production of that metal is among the prerogatives of the grand Spirit that governs the SUN. But I have in reality as great power as if I were in possession of the philosopher's stone. For by influencing the minds of men, I am able even to open their purses. There is a lunatic of my acquaintance, whose great ambition

is to be a fine speaker in the British senate. And such is the distracted state of British affairs, that he has actually obtained a most important office in government. But from some merciless blows he has received in the daily papers *, he is stunned into something like a suspicion, that his oratorical powers, as well as his art of writing, are somewhat below that high standard of excellence to which he aspires. I have, in your favour, Mr. Student, improved this tendency in the lunatic to a distrust of his own powers. I have put the whole mass of my interest into fermentation, and I doubt not but the idea that has already passed twice across his brain, of taking you into

* See particularly the Morning Herald.

his pay, will in a few moments be converted into a volition. Yes, Mr. Student, the Right Honourable S—— of S—— has resolved to pay you liberally for watching over his literary fame. You are, at his desire, to attend the House of Commons, and carefully to record, and embellish all his speeches, and all his gestures. These he intends to bind up with the Translations of Demosthenes' and Cicero's Orations.'

I bowed to the ground, and returned a thousand thanks to THE LUNAR SOVEREIGN, for his infinite condescension and goodness. I represented how much fitter many others were to be his historiographers than

I 3

myself.

myself. He over-ruled all my objections, as I shall relate afterwards.

In obedience to his high commands, I now return from this long digression to THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, whom I left standing upright on the highest mountain in the moon,

CH A P.

C H A P. IV.

THE MAN OF THE MOON EXHIBITS HIS
MAGICAL GLASS.

‘**H**OW do you find yourself
now, said THE MAN OF THE
MOON to *him* of the people.’

‘ I am struck, the earthly stran-
ger replied, with amazement : and
can scarcely believe that I am awake.
—It is a dream—I will try to rouse
myself from sleep, and extricate my
mind from the power of this illusion.’
Having said this, he began to pinch
his left arm, to bite his lips, to pull

his ears, and to tear his hair. These expedients failing, he jumped up, and stamped with his feet, and at last laid himself down and tossed about, hoping to awake in his own bed. The supposed illusion, in spite of all these efforts, still continued: and, his spirits being greatly exhausted through excessive fear, and straining hard with his legs and arms to keep his seat on the lunar sovereign's nose, it is not improbable that the new and stupendous scene which too forcibly assailed his perception, would have quite distracted him, had not THE MAN IN THE MOON, with a degree of knowledge and of humanity which does honour to his planet, laid him on a bed of condensed sun-beams, where ten minutes repose

pose gave him more refreshment than the longest night on the terrestrial globe could ever afford. He sprung from this *celestial bed* animated by divine vigour, and with a mind as serene as that of Adam before the fall.

‘ My beloved pupil, said the lunar sovereign, I shall now proceed to the great work of your reformation, the grand purpose for which I brought you hither; and it is necessary, first of all, to tear from your eyes the film of prejudice, which for so many years has obscured your vision, that you may be capable of seeing men and things as they really exist.’

‘ MAN

‘MAN OF THE MOON! will this tearing you talk of, give me much pain? I am afraid it is as bad as couching the cataract.’

‘If you mean bodily pain, Charles, I answer, you will have none. Your mind may probably feel some regret at having wandered so long in the mazes of error. But if you desire to be instructed, you must submit to that pain; and that, not by compulsion, but voluntarily.’

CH—s F—x, who imagined that the operation of purging the mind from error, could never be attended with any intolerable pain, readily consented to yield himself an obedient

dient patient to his heavenly physician.

THE MAN OF THE MOON then produced a magical glass, which represented human ideas by visible lines defined with the utmost accuracy. It displayed truth and error, wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in a light of contrast that overwhelmed the spectator with shame, and horror, and pain. 'Look into this mirror, said the lunar sovereign to his resigned patient, and tell me what you see.'

The sinful man beheld his own image in the act of self-murder, and roared out in infernal anguish.

'Look

‘ Look again into the mirror, said the lunar king, and tell me what you see.’—His patient possessed not any longer the power of disobedience. His eyes were drawn by a secret and irresistible force to the speculum, where he beheld himself in the act of murdering that father who loved him with an excess of tender affection. He again roared out, being in dreadful pain, and trembled throughout his whole frame.

‘ CH—s F—x, said the genius of the moon, a third time presenting the glass, tell me what you see.’

He looked and beheld a multitude of little children, pursued by a thousand

and ravenous animals from a neighbouring wood, all holding out their hands, and with tears of joy throwing themselves into his arms with unbounded confidence. But, gracious heaven! he no sooner had clasped in his embraces the fondly confiding little ones, than he threw them from him with contempt and disdain, to be devoured by lions, and wolves, and leopards, and foxes, and tygers. Yet still, such was the credulous simplicity of the children, that no sooner had he sacrificed one, than another flew into his arms; nor had multiplied proofs of the savage cruelty of their supposed protector, the least effect in opening their eyes, and discovering their misplaced confidence and affection. THE MAN OF

THE

THE PEOPLE, in the midst of this horrid work, frequently looked over his shoulder, and glanced a smile of satisfaction at a smooth-faced figure who sat behind him, very busily employed in reading a comedy. The smooth figure would raise his head, smile gently at THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, and instantly fix his eyes on his comedy again.

THE LUNAR SOVEREIGN, after a short interval, thus addressed his earthly visitant: 'The swarthy image you have contemplated with so much horror in my speculum, I know you have discovered to be yourself. It may however escape your penetration, that the horrid actions in which you was engaged, delineate the corruption

tion of your nature, and the profligate viciousness of your life. These are matters of sorrow to your nearest relations; have ruined your private fortune; and brought numberless calamities on that credulous and foolish people, who looked up to you as their political saviour. The guilt of your conduct you will, no doubt, alledge, as reflected by this wonderful glass, is greatly magnified; but you are to observe, that superior natures are as much impressed with horror at the vices of your life, as you would be yourself, had you really been literally and directly guilty of the crimes you appeared to perpetrate in the speculum. The course of your conduct partakes of the nature of murder, however

however this tendency may be veiled from your eyes by the process of passion and specious excuses, which at last impose even on yourself. Misery, despair, and ruin to yourself, your friends, and your country, are the natural effects, which, if they were not prevented by other effects equally independent of your will and power, must ultimately flow from the fury of gaming, the rage of disappointed hopes, and the turbulence of immoderate ambition. The celestials, who see effects through a thousand causes at one intuitive glance, are struck by the propriety or impropriety of moral conduct with a force, of which you are now able to form some conception from your feelings when you beheld yourself

self in my glass. It is in this manner that such human souls as are sent to my planet are punished, purified, reformed, and enlightened after what, in the language of your globe, is called death.'

'And here, Charles, said THE MAN OF THE MOON, the novelty of our acquaintance lays me under the necessity, as it frequently happens, to explain myself. I say, *such human souls as are sent to my planet*; for all souls are not sent thither. No, only such as I have been practising upon with my rays, in order to inspire them with a flow of invention and genius. As to the greater part of mortals, your men of plain sense, who hold on in the beaten tracts of

life, either high or low, by the mere power of habit, I know nothing of them. I have often alledged, when conversing on that subject with my neighbours in the environs of *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*, that they must surely be confined to the care of one or more of *them*. However, concerning that matter I cannot affirm any thing with certainty, as all of them, either through shame, or a consciousness of truth, declare even with oaths, that they never had any thing to do with them. The only souls that come to this planet are such as have either been benefited by my art, or spoiled by my tempering.'

The

The lunar sovereign, returning from this digression, proceeded thus:

‘The same speculum, Charles, which represents in so vivid a manner the difference between moral good and evil, exhibits also the opposition that subsists between knowledge and error, truth and falsehood. Clarke, Woollaston, Price, with others of your countrymen, who maintain that moral distinctions are perceived, not by means of any principle analagous to sense, but by the active energy of the intellect, are for once right in their speculations. The Scotch doctors, Messrs. Reid, Beattie, and Oswald, who erect an instinctive feeling into an universal judge of truth, open a door

not only to the greatest absurdities in metaphysics, but also to fanaticism, and every enthusiastic conceit in all the branches of morality and religion. You will be convinced of the truth of these things, after you have sufficiently studied this glass."

But as the THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE was now entering on a new study, though by means of the same medium, it became necessary for his celestial instructor to put the following question: 'CH—s F—x, in the name of the great soul of the universe, whose unworthy servant I am, and who governs all things by weight and measure, do you wish to take a summary view of the origin, nature, and

and effects of knowledge and ignorance, truth and falshood.'

Charles, who had not yet forgot the mortal pangs he had suffered from inspecting the speculum, replied, ' I confess, most divine conductor, that my curiosity was never so ardent, that my love of truth was never so violent and irresistible, as to incline me again to study in your glafs.'

THE MAN OF THE MOON smiling said, ' The discovery of *speculative* errors will, at most, cost you a blush; and they will frequently excite your laughter.' Upon this CH—s F—x consented to receive a few instructions from the mirror of truth.

C H A P. V.

THE MOST EXPRESSIVE IMAGES OF VICE
AND VIRTUE, AND OF ERROR AND
TRUTH.

WHY do you start, Charles,
as if you were in some
great and imminent danger? Be
assured, that while you are in this
planet, nothing shall befall you but
good.'

' O horrid monster! THE MAN OF
THE PEOPLE replied, I never before
wanted words to express my feel-
ings. But this is a new sensation;
nor could such another be excited
by an aggregation of whatever is
most

most hideous and execrable on earth !'

A creature, if that may be called a creature which had no shape or form analagous to any animated being known on this terrestrial globe, came rolling towards him, and approaching still nearer and nearer, by various glances and movements, seemed to indicate a sympathy with MAN. It was a rude and unformed foetus, exceeding the ordinary size of mankind, and appeared to be the production of some dæmon who had felt a satisfaction in counteracting the plastic power of nature. Legs, arms, fingers and toes, and membranes, and glands, and entrails, and teeth, were blended into one horrible mass

of confusion. What the elegant modesty of nature studies to shade, was in that monster most prominent and conspicuous. *There* were placed the tongue with one eye, which darted all the pruriency of every evil lust and passion. The other eye with the nose, was lodged in what appeared to be the stomach, which was on the outside of the hideous mass, and ever yawning like an open grave, full of rottenness and dead men's bones. The monster came forward, now creeping on its excoriated flesh and bones; and now leaping like a frog, or springing like a serpent. It howled hideously as it advanced, whether from pain, or fear, or whether it expressed in that manner some foul desire or passion. A group

group of animals around it, fed, or carelessly played, or reclined on a grassy plain. Birds and beasts fled at its approach : but a youth about twenty years of age, far from shunning, met its embraces, and mingled with the monster in horrid love.

CH—s F—x stood petrified with horror. The blood at first retreated with precipitation to the heart, leaving the extremities pale and trembling. But an excess of shame suddenly repelled it from the heart to the countenance, and a violent hæmorrhage at the nose was the effect of the copious influx. In the presence of his celestial conductor, he blushed at the brutality of lust, and at the degrading picture he viewed of human

man nature. ' From this representation, said the genius of the moon, you learn the intimate connection that subsists between virtue and truth; and that moral differences are not felt by instinct, but apprehended by the active energy of the intellect, as I have already observed. Let order, harmony, proportion, and fitness, or by whatever name men express the operations of reason, let these now display their power, and manifest the superiority of wisdom and virtue over error and vice.'

A figure exactly resembling the description the poets give of Mercury, instantly descended from heaven, and touched the monster with his rod. A virgin immediately sprung up,
majestic

majestic and tall, and distinguished by that species of beauty which rather commands esteem, than inspires love.

*Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros.*

A train of nymphs attended the goddesses, less majestic in their stature and port, although to an human eye more winning fair, more amiably mild. They drove the wild boar from the thickets of Cynthus. The zephyrs fanned their glowing faces. Their hair floated in the air like a thousand streamers, on a day of rejoicing, from the lofty top-mast heads of a proud fleet. In the course of the chace they almost touched CH—s F—x's nose, while they skimmed

med along the flowery brow of Cynthus. ‘Tally ho!’ cried THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, and by an involuntary motion stretched out his arms to catch one of the nymphs who was in the rear.—‘Which of all these beauties, Charles, said the lunar regent, would you choose to retire with into ~~that~~ myrtle grove?’—‘That slender angel with the expressive eye, who resembles *Perdita*.’—Said THE MAN OF THE MOON, ‘Both the nymph and *Perdita* are fine women, but the goddess herself for my money. That haughty boldness that sits in majestic serenity on her severe eye-brow, Charles, is the *sublime*, the true perfection of beauty. If your taste were more exalted and refined, you would prefer such a
noble

noble expreffion and air as give dignity to the countenance and mien of Mrs. Siddons on the ftage, and Lady M—— S——t in real life, to all the languifhing foftnefs of Mifs F——n, or the fweeteft face in England. The inhabitants of the fkie, Charles, prefer Diana and Minerva even to Venus.’ ‘Do they indeed?’ faid CH—s F—x, pray be fo good to call up the Cyprian goddefs. I have a mighty curiofity to fee her; for I proteft that I have been enamoured, in the Tulcan gallery, with her very ftatue.’ ‘O Charles, Charles, faid THE MAN OF THE MOON, I plainly perceive that you are better pleafed to furvey the fine women of this place, than to liften to moral inftructions. I fhall indulge you with a
fight

fight of the most exquisite beauties,
by and by; real flesh and blood.

As to your goddeffes, Charles, don't
you know, that as divine as they
appear, they have no other than
aerial bodies, which yield to the
touch like water, and which you
might even dissipate for a moment
by blowing hard upon them with
your mouth?" 'I think, said Charles,
I have read somewhere, that such
was the opinion that was entertained
of the gods by Epicurus: but I con-
fess I should prefer more *substantial*
beauties, though mere mortals.'

'Come, CH—s F—x, we have
prated too long of love and beauty:
I will communicate some wonderful
ideas to your mind on these subjects
on

on a future occasion. In the mean time, take another peep in my glass, and tell me what you see!

‘MAN OF THE MOON, I am quite astonished. I see ten thousand thousand objects passing and repassing before my eyes, in rapid succession, like so many Chinese Ombres at Mr. Astley’s riding-school! They ever and anon change their size, their colour, their proportions; insomuch that the same object appears now small, now large; now black, now white; now lovely, now all deformed and detestable. My God! see! there goes a lovely young couple into the jessamine bower, in all the raptures of love. But ah! how changed the scene! They look at
one

one another with mutual aversion : the lady is careffed by a dwarf, and the gentleman has fallen on his knees to an Aberdeen fish-woman †. But what an infinite variety of fluctuations, contradictions, and absurdities, have danced before my eyes during the fhort fpace in which I have given vent to my furprife ! what a changing is man ? and how tranfient are his moft rooted opinions and paffions !

‘ CH—s F—x, tell me what you now fee ?’

‘ I fee nothing but an immense field of white paper, more fpacious

† The ultimatum of deformity is found among the fish-women of Aberdeen. See Pen-
nant’s Tour.

to

to my apprehension than Salisbury-Plain.'

'Come forth, ye metaphysicians of all ages and nations, ye moralists, theologians, and commentators, both on divinity and law, and write down your respective opinions on the important subjects that have so long engaged your attention, for the instruction of my worthy friend, CH—s F—x.'

The white plain was instantly covered with lawyers, philosophers, and divines in the respective habits of the times and countries in which they lived. They attempted to delineate their ideas by various representations taken from objects of sense.

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L

But

But the lines by which they endeavoured to bound those similitudes, were so obscure in themselves, and so frequently intersected the lines employed by one another, that the whole plain seemed, at first sight, one blot: nor could the devil himself, after the most painful attention, unravel the blended strokes of their hostile and interfering pencils.

‘What do you think of these learned gentlemen, CH—s F—x?’

‘Upon my word, Sir, I think they give themselves a great deal of trouble to no purpose. And yet what fire and vehemence in their countenances! What little thin figure is he so busily employed in drawing figures,

figures, with a very sharp stylus? He seems to affect greater order and arrangement in his drawings, than those who have not advanced so near us on the plain.'—'What little figure?'—That which is so like a member of our House? I mean Mr. Elwes.'

'Oh! That is Aristotle.'

'And who are these that have their eyes so intently fixed on the same philosopher? It is no wonder they make such pitiful scrawls! They keep their eyes on Aristotle, and never look to their own pencils.'

'These, Charles, are Aristotle's commentators.'

L 2

'There

‘ There is a broad-shouldered man a few yards behind Aristotle, not unlike our Speaker, with his eyes turned up towards heaven. Although his lines are not so accurate as those of Aristotle, there is a superior lustre and beauty in his colouring.’

‘ You mean the divine Plato.’

‘ And who is he without a stylus of any kind, who sits with his legs folded under him like a Turk, or a London taylor, occasionally talking to those around him, and often smiling. There is a great deal of good humour under those heavy brows. He looks very like Lord North.’

‘ That, Charles, is *Socrates*.’

‘ What

‘ What tall grim fellow is he, very near us, so like the present Chancellor?’

‘ Martin Luther.’

‘ What little, thick, fierce personage who is still nearer us?’

‘ John Knox.’

‘ Who is the large fat man with a sponge in one hand, and a pencil in another? He makes figures as well as the rest of the philosophers; and afterwards dashes all the field around with his sponge.’

‘ He, Sir, is the celebrated David Hume.’

L 3

‘ What

‘ What childish occupations are these men engaged in, said THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. A number of children employed in making whimsical figures on a bank of sand, are not greater triflers than these self-important personages.’

‘ You are mistaken, my good friend: the wranglings of these men, are often attended with the most important political consequences. A few scenes will impress the truth of this on your mind with greater energy than the longest discourse. Look into the glass, and tell me what you see.’

‘ I see men of imperial port, arrayed in purple, and seated on thrones, resigning

resigning their scepters into the hands of monks.'

' This, Charles, has frequently happened, from the disputes concerning the religious tenets of Arius and Athanasius, down to the end of the last century.—Look again into the mirror, and tell me what you see.'

' I see an innumerable multitude of old and young, men and women, priests and soldiers, monks and merchants, peasants and mechanics, with crosses in their hands, setting out with madness in their looks on some great expedition.'

L 4

' These,

‘These, Charles, are the christians marching against the mussulmen, for the purpose of retaking Jerusalem, and for the recovery of the holy land out of the hands of the infidels.— Look into the glass again.’

‘Ah inhuman savages! See how they flay a dead corpse! Others dress in an instant the skin of their fellow-creature, and stretch it on poles. A priest beats on it with violence, and thousands around him marshal themselves in order of battle.’

‘These, Charles, are the Hussites of Bohemia, making a drum of the skin of JOHN ZISKA their leader, at his own dying request. This drum was long the emblem of victory, and animated

animated the Bohemian brethren to a glorious and successful resistance of their persecuting enemies.

THE MAN OF THE MOON then exhibited a picture of the massacre of Paris, begun on the memorable eve of St. Bartholomew's day, 1572, in which forty thousand Hugonots were slain in the course of a few days. Immediately after he displayed the great rejoicings that were made on that horrid occasion in the courts of France, Rome, and Spain. The devout catholics go in procession to the churches; they return public thanks to God; they sing Te Deums, they celebrate jubilees, they strike medals, and enact that *St. Bartholomew's day* should ever be kept with

with double pomp and solemnity. Having represented these things with a perfect accuracy, the god of fancy inverted his mirror, and looking gravely in CH——s F—x's face, said, 'Such are the effects of the cross lines which you hold in so great derision.'

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE, AFTER
TAKING A FEW MORE PEEPS INTO THE
MIRROR OF TRUTH, IS ENTERTAINED
BY HIM OF THE MOON WITH A DIS-
COURSE ON METAPHYSICS.

‘WELL, CH—s F—x, have
you any inclination to take
another peep into the mirror of truth?’

‘Upon my soul I have looked in-
to your glafs till my eyes ach.’

‘Come, come, we fhall foon have
done. Your optic nerves will not
be ftrained in the leaft by what I am
about

about to shew you. Here, look boldly, and tell me what you see.'

'MAN OF THE MOON, you either mean to deceive me, or I have lost all power of seeing. I am quite in darkness. I see nothing at all.'

'Now CH—s F—x, your cure is more than half completed. Your eyes were one great source of error. That evil I have, in a great measure, remedied. You are approaching to true wisdom. Look again, my friend, and tell me what you feel.'

'MAN OF THE MOON, I feel nothing at all. I have no bodily feeling. I have no hunger, no taste, no smell. I am neither moist, nor
dry,

dry, nor hot, nor cold. Restore my senses for God's sake, or take away my being.'

'CH—s F—x, you are approaching to perfection. Look again, Charles, and tell me what you see, for objects will now appear to you in a new light.'

'MAN OF THE MOON, I am astonished. I see St. Paul's church no bigger than a rat, and capering like a dancing bear. It's center of gravity, which I before imagined to be a point, is a real animal, and howls hideously, my God! for fear of tumbling. See how it starts at the rumbling of every coach! and running from one pillar to another, is perpetually

tually hauling, and pulling, and making fast, like a busy sailor on ship-board in the midst of a storm.'

' CH—s F—x, said the lunar sovereign, it is my design by this representation to convey to your mind these lessons. First, St. Paul's appears to your enlarged opticks a very diminutive object. Every carriage, every breeze shakes it as they pass; and you rightly conclude that it cannot be of long duration. This building is one of the greatest, as well as the most durable works of human art, if we speak in relation to human bodies, and to human apprehensions. But as it is seen by my eye, and by the eyes of all beings who, like me, are indulged with a very comprehensive

hensive view of the universe, it appears very small indeed, and perishable. It is surrounded by an atmosphere of its substance, worn into dust, and within a few hundred years, which the quick revolution of your ideas calls a long time, it will be no more. The insect of the pool, who lives but one day, thinks his time as long as your's, because all his ideas are formed, and all his plans executed with a promptitude and activity which as far exceed the utmost activity of your mind, as his size comes short of that of your body. He eats like you, he drinks, he fights with his neighbours, he dances, and plays, and goes upon the business of copulation with vigour, begets his representative and dies.

dies. He thinks his life long, because his ideas have been many; and the succession of ideas is the only measure of duration. There is not, therefore, a more practical preacher of sound morality, than the metaphysical SOAME JENNINGS, who advises the man 'who wishes to live long and to see good,' to be continually in action, and, whatever he does, to do with all his might. We shall soon have that philosopher in the lunar regions; and I am very glad at the prospect, because he will be a very ingenious companion.

‘ Secondly, The center of gravity of St. Paul’s church appears like a nimble animal hopping about, and pulling and hauling like a sailor on ship-board

ship-board in a storm. Many things, Charles, that appear to the mortals of your terrestrial globe as the effects of certain laws of inanimated matter, to the inhabitants of other parts of the universe where all is animation, and winged cherubs in visible forms execute the grand behests of the Supreme Ruler, seem to be the work of living agents. For as every thing with which they are acquainted is performed by living creatures, they have no conception that any thing whatever can be done without them. They naturally extend the ideas that are familiar to themselves over the universe; in the same manner that a musician, as Plato observes, extends the reign of harmony to the spheres: and as mad geo-

metricians, of whom the divine Plato himself was one, raved about triangles, and the co-operation of three powers in the government of the world. Beings who know nothing but animation in the districts of the universe with which they are acquainted, suppose that all is in like manner animation, in those of which they are ignorant. The analogy is natural: for from what can they reason but from what they know? Such philosophers would esteem *Lord Monboddo* a far greater philosopher than Sir Isaac Newton; but Jacob Behmen superior to both. The history of the Greeks and Romans, whom freedom of government conspired with the operation of climate to render the most ingenious and lively of all mortal

mortal nations, proves how natural it is for men to extend their ways of thinking over all parts of nature, and particularly that an animated people form animated theories on every subject. Every part of the moral and physical world, according to the Grecian mythology, which was also the Roman, was under the immediate inspection and controul of some heavenly power, some god or goddess, who was supreme in his own department, and who exerted his influence in opposition often to that of a brother god, but without coming to a direct and open rupture.

I do not, continued THE MAN OF THE MOON, pretend, on this occasion, to decide concerning systems

of philosophy; far less to give a preference to Lord Monboddo above Sir Isaac Newton. The latter philosopher has undoubtedly rendered it probable, that many of the phænomena of nature are subject to the same law, from whatever unknown agency that law may derive its efficacy. I mean by these observations to teach you, how much you ought to distrust the conclusions of human reason, in order to cure you of dogmatism, to open your mind to new impressions, to render it docile, and susceptible of new truths. And for the same end I am now to trouble you with a few remarks upon some of your British writers on the sublime science of metaphysics.

‘ Pray,

‘ Pray, CH—s F—x, said THE MAN OF THE MOON, is the present K—— of E—— a metaphysician?’

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE stared at this question, and remained silent.

‘ Perhaps, said THE MAN OF THE MOON, this is not a fair question : it perhaps would be high treason to answer it in the negative.’

‘ I shall soon satisfy you, said he of the people, that I do not consider your question as in the least improper : I only wondered what could be the reason of your putting it. Our gracious f——n is, I believe, no great adept in metaphysics, but I will match him for ——

m—— with any crowned head in the solar system.' The lunar sovereign smiled, and proceeded thus.

'It was not, therefore, I presume, upon the strength of his own judgment, that he bestowed an annual salary on Dr. *Beattie* for railing at that ingenious person David Hume.'

'No! no! cried THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE: I will tell you how that matter stood. Lord M——d, Dr. Hurd, and others, who had conceived an aversion to Mr. Hume, cried up his illiberal antagonist, and gratified their resentment against the philosopher, by procuring a pension for the angry declaimer. For the same reason Lord M——d extols the

the chronicle, or dictionary, or whatever you please to call that compilation of Dr. Henry.'

' I will tell you, Charles, why I was surprized when I learnt that your k—g had bestowed a pension on Beattie. First, Dr. Reid had advanced the same principles, about which Beattie has made such a flourish; and laid them as deep as they can be laid, even before that unlucky criticism of *Hume's* † which is the true and ultimate source of the Aberdonian book about common sense, and the immutability of truth. Secondly, there is nothing either in

† When Mr. Hume was asked what he thought of Beattie's Poems, he answered, " Why, I think them water-gruel poems."

Reid's or Beattie's volumes, that Mr. Hume does not allow. He acknowledges, that when he attempts to trace the chain that binds the cause to the effect, by reasoning, he is utterly at a loss; that all things seem loose and unconnected: and that habit, or the customary transition of the mind from one object to another, is the true and only origin of our ideas concerning necessary connexion, and of the manner in which we infer the future from the past. But he also acknowledges that when he quits the shade, and comes into open day; when he relinquishes the refinements of philosophy, and mixes in common life and action with the world, he feels that nature is able to maintain her rights, and that,

that, through her irresistible power, he thinks and acts like other men. What in the name of all the viceroys of the universe, is there in the conclusions of Reid or Beattie, that is not implied in this concession? Does the Bishop of Cloyne, or does Mr. Hume reject the testimony of their senses? No. The enquiry or dispute was not concerning the *reality of their sensations*, of which they were both fully convinced, but concerning the causes of those sensations, and the connexion of their ideas with one another. To talk on this subject of the constitution of nature, and of instinct, is to confess an inability of explaining the manner in which body operates on spirit, and can never satisfy a philosophical inquirer.

That

That you have sensations and ideas, Charles, you know or feel : but you cannot explore their nature and origin. Let this convince you, that you are not omniscient : and that impressions of truth may be made on your mind in ways which you can neither trace nor comprehend. I have thought it necessary to give you these instructions, lest you should imagine that the impressions I have made on your brain are not real, but illusory ; and that, when you return to earth, you should mistake the most curious and important truths for the phantoms and dreams of a disordered imagination.



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